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THE SALT PILGRIMAGE

ALONG the northern beaches of the Gulf of California there are salt deposits, left in the low sandy stretches by the high tides. The country is waterless and uninhabited, and few whites have penetrated it even to the present day. Records have been left of this forbidding waste of sand dunes by Kino, by Anza,[1] and later by Lumholtz,[2] and all thought they were lucky to get themselves and their animals through alive. But the Papago, since prehistoric times, have been visiting this wilderness to fetch salt, both for use and for trade. Velarde reports: "There is salt in the inlets on the coast. The Pimas take some to distribute to friends and relatives, especially the Pimas of the west (Papago). Those of the north care little about it." [3]

To this day the Papago continue their pilgrimages to the salt beds.[4] They have, through the centuries, worked out routes which take them past the few hidden "tanks," or rocky reservoirs, of rain water to be found in the wastes of sand. Even so, the last lap of the journey which brings them to the gulf must be made with no other drinking water than that in their canteens. Though they take canny means to compass the journey safely, they make no attempt to minimize its hardships. Rather, these are emphasized to the last degree and used as an occasion for heroism. Even in the days of gourd canteens, they carried only the minimal quantity of water. Now that they have horses, they use them neither for carrying extra water nor extra quantities of salt. They fast voluntarily, almost to starvation.

[1] Bolton, 1930, I, 90. [2] Lumholtz, 1912, pp. 196–254. [3] Velarde, Sec. 2, p. 127.

[4] The Pima do not make the salt pilgrimage, but say they always traded for salt with the Papago.

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tarily, almost to starvation. They run until men have been known to die from the effects. The south, which is the direction of the gulf, is often designated in their poetry, not by a color, but as "the painful direction."

The hardships, which have been thus raised from an accident into an institution, constitute one of the principal opportunities for gaining power. The journey is hedged about with ceremonial restrictions, from the time it is first proposed till long after the return. The salt pilgrimage is, in fact, very like a war party, and some of its rules are even more stringent. It is as though the Papago, who had so little to do with war, had transferred some of the magical elements connected with it to this safer and more regular form of ordeal.

The returned pilgrims were purified, like the enemy slayer and the eagle killer, and they achieved the same title: "ripe man." Their endeavor, like that of the other power seekers, resulted ultimately in rain. Pilgrims are thought to bring back with them the moist wind from the ocean, and the songs used for their purification are the same as those for the growth of crops. During the ritual the salt is ceremonially spoken of as corn. Yet it is not, in itself, sacred, any more than are the crops. After a little of it has been purified, just as specimen crops are purified at the cleansing ceremony, salt may be eaten, given away, or even traded, without further ritual. The Pima, who do not make the salt pilgrimage, used to get all their salt from the Papago by trade.

PREPARATION

All the Papago villages, in the old days, made the salt pilgrimage. Now, some have dropped it, and others may have dropped most of the ritual. Only Santa Rosa and Anegam have a full set of songs and speeches, and the others admit that "they know how to get salt. The rest of us just do what we can."

Each main village had for the salt expedition a recognized leader who was known as *siiwanyi*, the old name for rain magician. His functions were both practical and priestly, for not only must he know the route and the water holes but also must make

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ritual recitations and guide his party through a long series of ceremonial acts. He was usually chosen by the former leader from among the older men who had many trips to their credit, and he was expected to learn his duties by observation *en route*. As a leader grew old, he would begin to enlist the assistance of one of the more mature men, and finally the latter would step into his place without further formality. According to Papago pattern, the chosen assistant was a relative if possible.

The season for fetching salt was summer, after the high tides of spring had left a deposit on the beach. At this time the leader, after consultation with the keeper of the smoke, announced a meeting and told the conditions of the trip. "Now we are going down there. You will follow and obey everything. If you are lucky, you will be a good singer, a hunter, a fighter, a shaman."(1)

Young men with their careers before them volunteered for the expedition, especially if they had not had a chance to go to war, for salt gathering ranked almost with war as an opportunity for dreaming and acquiring power. Having volunteered for his first trip, a man must continue to go for four successive years or he would be ill. During these first four trips he ranked as a neophyte and must be purified on his return. Afterward purification was shorter, but he observed the ceremonial restrictions on the trail. After ten trips, there were no restrictions or purification, and he was eligible as a leader.

Any village which had decided on a trip would send messengers to its neighbors, inviting recruits. The neighbors held meetings in their turn and reported the number of volunteers; then a date was set when all the parties should meet at the first stop along the way. If there were many men, the date might be eight days later; if only a few, four days. From the night of the meeting all the future pilgrims remained sexually continent. The neophytes practiced running, since when they reached the ocean it was by running that they would obtain a vision. They collected their equipment, which must all be new, since used property might have come under the influence of a menstruating woman.

Since the coming of horses, a horse has been the first requisite for the salt pilgrimage. But the Papago use this convenience spar-

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ingly. Each man took only one horse, rode it to the salt beds, loaded it, and walked home. Each pilgrim must keep his horse fresh for the trip. If he had none, he might borrow, and no one would dare refuse. The compensation to the horse's owner was half a load of salt, or one saddlebagfull. The saddlebags taken were the ancient netted receptacles of maguey fiber. Inside these the salt was wrapped in handwoven cotton sheets or, in old days, fiber mats. Each pilgrim must make ropes of hair or of maguey fiber, for a bridle and for hobbling his horse. He wore, in the old days, only breech cloth and sandals. At his waist he carried two canteens, made of gourds, covered with rabbit skin, and slung in a grass net. He also carried a pouch of parched corn meal and the small watertight basket which was his only utensil for eating and drinking. Beside the corn meal, "ripe men" might carry as much dried squash, tortillas, or any other food as they could manage.

For all equipment there was a special vocabulary, analogous to that used on the warpath. The horse was called the partner; the gourd, the jar; the basket, the dish; pinole, gruel; hay, weeds; salt, corn. For other common terms there were words showing a similar slight variation. These words the neophyte must learn and not misuse, under pain of accident on the journey.

Each village took prayer sticks in some form, to be offered to the ocean. The following list will show the variety introduced under the general heading prayer-stick offering:

Komarik: prayer sticks with two turkey or eagle feathers. Left at each camping place, and one thrown by each man into the sea.

Pisinimo: eagle down; no sticks. Each man brings his own down and throws it into the sea.

Anegam and Santa Rosa: peeled white sticks of western willow; no feathers. Carried by leader. One placed at every camp, and one given each man to throw in the sea.

Akchin: sticks with turkey or eagle feathers carried by leader, placed at each camp along the way and given men to carry into the sea and to bring back again. One large stick, with streamer of red cloth, planted on the beach.

San Miguel: strips of red cloth thrown into ocean.

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All the villages took sacred corn meal as an offering. It must be made from flat-headed corn (two ears growing together, so that each had one flat side). Each man brought his own in a small pouch of rabbit skin carried at the waist.

During the period of preparation a meeting was held every night, at which the leader received reports of progress. When the last day arrived the leader asked: "Are you ready? Is everything new?" Next morning, when the dawn star rose, they started.

THE JOURNEY

There were two accessible salt deposits, reached by different routes. One route led straight south, through Quijotoa and Sharp Mountain, requiring only two days and a half. However, this meant forced marches, when the men had sometimes to travel half the night in order to reach the one camp which had water. The village of Akchin, which followed this route, took the minimum time for ceremonials and recited no long speeches. The other route led west to Ajo Mountain and then south, past the present Pinacate. This took four days; Santa Rosa and Anegam, which followed it, had long rituals for each of the watering places.

They rode single file, with the leader ahead "like a quail with her young." All the contingencies of the journey were dealt with by forms of sympathetic magic. They must never step off the trail, for that might "ruin somebody's [some animal's] house," and the animal would become their enemy. They must never think of home and their women, for this would delay their progress. For the same reason, they must always sleep with their heads to the ocean that it might "draw them on." They must never spill a drop of the precious water from their canteens, or they would be punished by a flood. This happened to one informant. As a result, the party had to ride in a cloudburst, and they found the salt beds so flooded that they could scarcely excavate any salt.(4)

They observed the usual ceremonial restriction of speaking slowly and in a low voice, and Santa Rosa men were not allowed to speak at all.(4) For the neophytes there were other rules. They must obey every direction instantly and must never walk, but al-

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ways run. They had two meals a day, noon and evening, and these were special occasions for the exhibition of fortitude. They sat in a circle, each holding his basket, but not touching the corn meal he carried, while the leader stood in the center and spoke:

1. Was not this our purpose—that we should indeed make this journey on behalf of all? Thus we may attain much: great industry; great endurance of hunger; great energy. Something each man desires: to be a great runner, a shaman, a great singer, a great hunter. After having seen many things, look you, it is thus [as I have described] that each man will feel, look you, as he returns home [that is, he will have attained his heart's desire].(6)

This he said that "the men might realize the seriousness of the occasion." If they took it lightly, there would be an accident: a horse might escape or die, or a man might be injured.

After the leader had spoken, he went to the first neophyte. Taking from the man's pouch a little corn meal, he placed it in the basket held ready and added water from the man's gourd, the man himself not touching anything. The leader stirred the mixture and handed it to its owner to drink, but the latter, if he was brave, would let the corn meal settle and drink the thin solution on top, throwing the rest away. It was not etiquette for a man to turn his back to the circle; "he might eat too much." "Ripe men" were not subject to these restrictions, but ate as they pleased. They might also smoke, a privilege forbidden the neophytes. They puffed toward the sun, with a long "A-a-ah!" and the usual invocation: "You stand there [pointing]. Give me blessing. Give me life."

Each stage of the journey had its appointed ceremonial procedure, varying from the planting of prayer sticks with a very brief invocation, to the presentation of long ritual speeches. Komarik and Anegam left a prayer stick at each water hole, the Anegam invocation being:

2. Lo, it is my own offering, which already I have carefully made and finished. I have come bringing it, and thus I do: I will offer it. See it and do for me increasingly [what I ask]. Grant powers to me: great speed in running; great industry; great skill in hunting. Grant powers to me: great lightness in running; great industry. I will take them;

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I will journey back, and I will attain my desire. Not hard will it be to turn homeward, not hard to reach my land.(5)

This speech was impromptu. The one quoted was made by an informant who had special ambitions to be a runner.

Anegam and Santa Rosa made ritual speeches, those now preserved at Anegam being the most elaborate. On the second night of the journey (the first having ended a forced march), the Anegam crier called his men together.

3. Already has again leaped down [the sun] the gift of God, and shadow covers us. Already has arrived [Coyote] our shining-eyed comrade, our burning-eyed comrade. Around us four times he went, swiftly circling, then he stood still. His shining and his circling seemed of good omen. Then hurry! Gather quickly! Come together! That we may speed our ceremonies.*(5)

The men seated themselves in a circle with arms folded and heads bowed. Each removed his sandals and tied a buckskin thong around his hair, that it might not blow and cause him to raise his hands, disturbing the meeting. The leader made an introductory speech known as The Heartening.

4. Already has again leaped down [the sun] the shining traveler, and shadow begins to cover us. Already has arrived [Coyote] our shining white comrade and four times around us he went circling. Already has he strengthened our hearts and perfected them; he has strengthened our hands and perfected them; he has strengthened our legs and perfected them. He has done the same for our beasts. He has strengthened their hearts and perfected them; he has strengthened their hands (forelegs) and perfected them; he has strengthened their legs (hind legs) and perfected them.(5)

Then followed the speech known as The Preparation. This is actually a psychological preparation for receiving visions at the ocean. More than that, it is in the nature of a pattern for such visions. A neophyte, even though he completely lacked imagination, could hardly fail, when in a state of exhaustion and with this speech in memory, to imagine the experience expected of him.

* In this speech circumlocutions are used instead of the important words "sun" and "coyote." In old days the sun was called the shining traveler, but Christian expressions have crept in.

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The speech is one of those known as *s'hampataki nyiô'k* (wise talks), which refer only to salt. The introduction is spoken in the usual oratorical style, with emphasis on the last word of sentence or phrase. This introduction describes at length the approach to the supernatural through tobacco smoke. But when the smoke has done its work and the suppliant finds himself before the supernatural, there begins the "throwing words" in monotonous panting form, which is the characteristic of salt orations.

5. Food she cooked for me;
I did not eat.
Water she poured for me;
I did not drink.
Then, thus to me she said:
"What, then, is it?
You did not eat the food which I have cooked,
The water which I fetched you did not drink."
Then, thus I said:
"It is a thing I feel."

I rose, and across the bare spaces did go walking;
Did peep through the openings in the scrub,
Looking about me, seeking something.
Thus I went on and on.
Where there was a tree that suited me,
Beneath it prone and solitary I lay;
My forehead upon my folded arms, I lay.*

There was an ancient woman.
Some lore she had somehow learned,
And quietly she went about telling it.
To me she spoke, telling it.
Then did I raise myself upon my hands:
I put them to my face and wiped away the dust;
I put them to my hair and shook out twigs and rubbish.
I rose. I reached the shade before my house,
And there did try to sit; not like itself it seemed.

* The Pima, who do not have a salt pilgrimage, include in their war speeches (Russell, pp. 358, 363) descriptions of a trance state like the above. Another indication that the Papago have, in some ways, made the salt pilgrimage a substitute for war.

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Then did I make myself small and squeeze through my narrow door.
On my bed I tried to lie; not like itself it seemed.
About me with my hand I felt;
About the withes that bound the walls I felt,
Seeking my jointed reed [cigarette].

Then, thus I did.
Within my hut I tried to feel about with my fingers,
At the base of my hut, in the dirt,
I tried to feel about with my fingers,
Seeking my jointed reed.
I could not find it.
To the center of the house did I go crawling [ceiling being low],
And the center post
Seemed a white prayer stick,
So like it was.
At its base did I go feeling in the dirt,
Seeking my jointed reed;
I could not find it.

There did I seize my flat stick [for hoeing].
I leaned upon it.
I made myself small and squeezed out the door.
Lo, I saw my ashes in many piles;
Already were they all hardened and all cracked.
I sat down, and with the hoe I went to breaking them.
Among them, somehow, did I find my reed joint.

Then did I scratch it.
Lo, there still tobacco lay.
There beside me, then, I saw
Near me lying a shaman ember charred.
Long ago had it grown moldy and full of holes.
I took it up, and four times hard did shake it.
Within a spark burst out and brightly burned.
Then the reed joint did I light, and to my lips I put it,
And somehow tried to move toward my desire.

Begin "throwing words."

In what direction shall I first breathe out?
To eastward did I breathe.

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It was my reed smoke in white filaments stretching.
I followed it, and I went on and on.
Four times I stopped, and then I reached
The rainhouse standing in the east.
Delightful things were done there.
All kinds of white clouds thatch it.
All kinds of rainbows form the binding withes.
The winds upon its roof fourfold are tied.
Powerless was I there.
It was my reed smoke;
Therewith did I go untying them.
Quietly I peeped in.
Lo, there I saw
Him (the rainmaker), my guardian
Yonder; far back in the house, facing away from me, he sat.
My reed smoke toward him did circling go
Toward the door; it did cause him to turn his eyes
And set him there.

Then did I say:
"What will you do, my guardian?
Yonder see,
The earth which you have spread thus wretched seems.
The mountains which you placed erect now crumbling stand.
The trees you planted have no leaves.
The birds you threw into the air
Wretchedly flit therein and do not sing.
The beasts that run upon the earth
At the tree roots go digging holes
And make no sound.
The wretched people
See nothing fit to eat." Thus did I say.

There did the entrails within him crack with pity.
"Verily nephew, for so I name you,
Do you enter my house, and do you tell me Something?
The people are afraid; none dares to enter.
But you have entered and have told me,
And Something, indeed, I will cause you to see."

"But let me reach my house" [I said], "then let it happen."

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Then in his breast he put his hand and brought forth seed:
White seed, blue seed, red seed, smooth seed.
Then did I fold it tight and grasp it and rush forth.

I saw the land did sloping lie.
Before I had gone far the wind did follow and breathe upon me.
Then, down at the foot of the east there moved the clouds,
And from their breasts the lightning did go roaring.
Though the earth seemed very wide,
Straight across it fell the rain
And stabbed the north with its drops.
Straight across it fell the rain
And stabbed the south with its drops.
The flood channels, lying side by side,
Seemed many;
But the water from all directions went filling them to the brim.
The ditches lying side by side
Seemed many;
But the water along them went bubbling.
The magicians on the nearby mountains
Went rushing out, gathering themselves together.
The storm went on and on.
It reached the foot of the west, it turned and faced about.
It saw the earth spongy with moisture.

Thus beautifully did my desire end;
Thus perchance will you also feel, my kinsman.(5)

This speech, unlike most of the other orations and narratives, does not refer to anything in the origin myth. The "guardian" is not Elder Brother, and informants, when asked about him, could supply no further information: "the words of the speech were *given*." But an Aztec prayer quoted by Sahagún [7] and addressed to /7/ the Tlalocs, or rain gods, has phraseology that is strikingly similar.

No one has been able to escape the suffering and tribulation of the present famine. The animals and the birds themselves are in need on account of the great drought. It is pitiable to see the birds, of whom some have their wings falling and dragging on the earth as a result of

[7] Sahagún, Jourdanet, pp. 344-48.

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171 their privations. Others fall and cannot stand on their feet. Others have their mouths open, panting to eat and drink.

As for the other animals, O Lord, it is grievous to see them walking and falling down with weakness, licking the earth, their tongues hanging out, their gullets open, panting with hunger and thirst. . . .

It is grievous, O Lord, to see everywhere the surface of the earth dry and unable to produce either grass or tree or anything which may serve for nourishment.

317 The Aztec has no parallel to the vivid Papago description or the 484 desert and the hut. The phrases quoted, if they are indeed a heritage from some Nahua prayer have undergone many permutations before inclusion in the salt ritual.

[184] Santa Rosa gives an abbreviated version of the same material.

SALT SPEECH IN CAMP

6. Thus was my desire.
Then hastily I ate the food which my wife had cooked;
Hastily I took my child in my arms.
"What is it?
What has he learned that he is acting thus?
The day has dawned when I must go."

Begin "throwing words."

Ready!
Then forth I stepped upon the west-lying road.
Utterly weary I was when evening fell.
Then I pushed together the remaining embers of my fire.
Beside them, with head bowed, I sat.
Within my pouch I thrust my hand
And brought forth my reed joint [cigarette].
I stood it up [in the fire, to light it];
I wet it.
Strongly I breathed out upon the west-lying road.
I asked of him, my guardian, many kinds of power.
I asked to be hunger enduring, thirst enduring, cold enduring.
I asked for swift-leaping legs,
Strong-grasping hands,
Keen eyes.
Four times the dawn poured over me

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As I trod the west-lying road.
Then I reached him, my guardian,
And more than I asked he did for me.
A mixture he made that was like white clay.
With it on my breast he marked me;
On my back he marked me;
On my shoulder tops, both sides, he marked me.
Then most perfectly did he purify me,
So that nowhere do I take any hurt,
Wherever I go.
Thus should you, too, do and think,
All you my kinsmen.(4)

On both routes a mountain was passed, just at the edge of the sandy waste which led to the gulf. The climbing of this peak and the first view of the "outspread water" was surrounded with ritual.

On the southern route, it was Sharp Mountain, reached on the second night. When the party was a mile or so from its base, the leader stopped them; bade the men tie everything tight on their horses and line up for a race. They galloped to the base of the mountain, where there was a tank, but when they reached it, no one must drink or water his horse. They waited till the leader arrived, having picked up any of the precious equipment dropped on the way. Then the neophytes must dismount and race on foot to the top of the mountain. "Part of the way you couldn't run. You had to crawl in the sand."

When each man reached the top, he turned to get his first view of the gulf and stretched out his right arm toward it; then moved the arm down his face and body, receiving power. The man with the prayer stick waved it. Then each planted a prayer stick, with the invocation:

7. I have brought the thing which I promised you. Now we are drawing close, and I desire something. I shall indeed remember that which I promised you, and I shall give it. Give me a good life and power.(6)

When they returned to the tank, they might drink. Here they filled their canteens, for it was the last fresh water they would

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find. At a little distance grew the last tree they would see, and from it they cut scratching sticks, to be used as soon as they had touched salt.

Then they went as far as possible that night, so that they might get to the ocean and back the next day. It would be a waterless twenty-four hours, and they had drunk all they could at the tank in preparation. At this last camping place they left all extra equipment, and each man deposited one of his canteens. When they returned from their day of salt gathering, they would be sure of a drink.

The peak where Anegam and Santa Rosa performed their ritual was Black Mountain,[6] the Ararat where Elder Brother is said to have landed in his olla after the flood. Here, also, there was water, which the neophytes might not drink until they had raced up the hill. The fleetest of them carried one prayer stick for all. He waved it four times toward the ocean, then four times across his breast from right to left and four times down, while the others "cleansed" themselves with a similar motion. The man with the prayer stick then sat down and pounded it into the earth, with the usual invocation. Santa Rosa and Anegam also left prayer sticks at the tree where they cut scratching sticks.

On this last night, both Santa Rosa and Anegam made speeches which prefigured the purification of the neophyte and his acquisition of power. The Anegam speech describes most vividly the neophyte's entrance into the water and the ceremonial throwing of corn meal, which was the actual procedure. In the visions of Anegam, Coyote was the traditional protector, while with Santa Rosa it is the unnamed "guardian" himself. The "marking" described is the same as that which is used in naming a child and in purifying a girl at puberty. It seems to stand for purification, though it is not now used for the salt pilgrim.

After the crier's call and "The Heartening," the Anegam speaker said:

8. Thus was fulfilled my desire.
Toward the west a black road did lie.

[6] Mexican, Pinacate.

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Then upon it did I tread and follow it.
Four times did I camp and then did reach the wide-spreading water.

Already had arrived the woolly comrade [Coyote].
Around us four times did he go circling,
And lo, already the white clay was mixed for me,
The owl feather for painting laid upon it.

To him did Coyote pull the young man and set him there.
With the clay across the heart he marked him.
Back he turned, and on the right shoulder marked him.
In front he crossed, and on the left shoulder marked him.
Back he turned, and on the back he marked him.
Then well he purified him.

There was corn meal, made from flat-headed corn.
I sprinkled a handful, and again a handful,
As I ran into the wide-spreading water.
Though dangerously it crashed toward me,
I did not reck,
But I walked near and cast the sacred meal.

There followed another wave.
I did not reck.
I walked nearer and cast the sacred meal.
Though dangerously it roared, crashing and falling,
I did not reck.
I cast the sacred meal.

There followed a fourth wave.
Dangerously it roared;
It crashed, it rolled over me, it broke behind me,
But firm I stood and sought what I might see.

Then did I come forth
And along the beach begin to run,
And somewhere there did come upon
[Coyote], our woolly comrade.
Our comrade with burning eyes.

Dangerously he turned upon me,
But I ran toward him and did not reck.
Nearer I came and cast the sacred meal.

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Then did he run, did run and run,
Till at last he only walked
And I did follow, and did come upon him.
In a circle did I run and come behind him.
I did not reck, but cast the sacred meal.

Again he dashed away.
I followed and did overtake him.
Then wild he barked and, crouching, turned to bite.
I did not reck, but cast the sacred meal.
Then he stood still and said:
"Verily, nephew, you will take away
All of my powers together,
And more and more a seer you will be
Of mysteries."

He took me, then, he took me;
He made me stand
Beside the wide-spreading water.
Under the spray that rose like smoke he took me.
Across on the other side he brought me out
To a pool of water thick as cactus juice.
He set me before it.

"Ready, nephew!
Now, if you are brave
You will drink all and you will take away
All of my powers together."
Then down I threw myself.
I drank and drank.
I drank it empty; then I scraped the dregs,
Folded them up, and carried them away.

Then, next, he took me
To a pool of water, thick with greenish scum;
He set me before it.
"Ready, nephew!
Now if you are brave
You will drink all and you will take away
All of my powers together."
Then down I threw myself.
I drank and drank.

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I drank it empty, then I scraped the dregs,
Folded them tight, and carried them away.

Then, next, he took me
To a pool of yellow water
And set me before it.
"Ready, nephew!
Now if you are brave
You will drink all and you will take away
All of my powers together."
Then down I threw myself.
I drank and drank.
I drank it empty, then I scraped the dregs,
Folded them tight, and carried them away.

Then next he took me
To a pool of bloody water
And set me before it.
"Ready, nephew!
Now, if you are brave
You will drink all and you will take away
All of my powers together."
Then down I threw myself.
I drank and drank.
I drank it empty, then I scraped the dregs,
Folded them tight, and carried them away.

Then he stood still and said:
"If you shall take away
All of my powers together,
Then more and more a seer shall you be
Of mysteries."

Then he went, taking me,
And reached a land
Which lies before the sunset.
There abides the bitter wind.
Not slowly did we go.
About the wind's house dust lay scattered wildly.
Not slowly did he go and bring me there.
Then, leaping up, did I stretch out my hand.
I grasped the wind and slowly bent him down.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

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Till blood drops trickled from him.
Then from that house I seized
A leather shield and a short club,
A well-strung bow and smooth, straight-flying arrow,
A sharp-cutting sword.
These did I bind together
And did return whence I had come.

That water did I reach
Which was thick like cactus juice,
And there a magician sat.
Coyote made me stand before him, saying:
"What will you do for this my nephew?
I have brought him here."
Then forth he brought his white magic power
And placed it in my heart.

Then did I reach
The pool of water thick with greenish scum.
There a magician sat.
Coyote made me stand before him saying:
"What will you do for this my nephew?
I have brought him here."
Then forth he brought his green magic power
And placed it in my heart.

Then did I reach
The pool of yellow water.
Therein a magician sat.
Coyote made me stand before him, saying:
"What will you do for this my nephew?
I have brought him here."
Then forth he took his yellow magic power
And placed it in my heart.

Then did I reach
The pool of bloody water.
Therein a magician sat.
Coyote made me stand before him, saying:
"What will you do for this my nephew?
I have brought him here."

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Then forth he brought his red magic power
And placed it in my heart.

Then back Coyote took me whence we came,
And reached the wide-spreading ocean.
Under the smoke-like spray he carried me,
Even to that place where I had run along the beach,
And there he left me.
Then down I fell, but rose and toward the east came running.
He had not slept [the leader of the expedition].
Straight to him walking, into his hands I put
The power I had won, tight pressing it.

Then I saw emerge
[The sun], the gift of God.
Then up I looked, I followed the road,
I camped four times, and reached my land.

The powers I had won beneath my bed I placed.
I lay upon them and lay down to sleep.
Then, in a little time mysteriously there came to me
Beautiful drunken songs;
Beautiful songs for the circling dance;
Beautiful songs for the maidens' dance,
Wherewith the maiden I might cozen,
My songs the stay-at-home youths did learn and sing,
Scarce permitting me to be heard.

With my songs the evening spread echoing,
And the early dawn emerged with a good sound,
The firm mountains stood echoing therewith,
And the trees stood deep rooted.(5)

Again, the Santa Rosa version was abridged.

SALT SPEECH AT OCEAN
(Santa Rosa)

9. It was mysteriously hidden.
Wanting it, I could not find it.
In behind my house post I thrust my hand;
I could not find it.
There was a short leftover stick.
With this, feeling my way, I went out the door.
At the door my ashes were piled high.

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Then, hard I struck them and out I took it,
My jointed reed [cigarette].
Burnt out, it seemed.
Then I scratched it.
There at the side charred blackness lay.
Four times I struck it,
And out a great spark shone.
I lit it in the fire;
I put it to my lips;
I smoked.
Right swiftly white filaments stretched out
Until they reached the sunrise.

Begin "throwing words."

I followed, and I reached the sacred house
That stands within the east.
All kinds of cloudiness was there bound up,
And I could not unloose it.
It was my cigarette smoke,
Floating beneath the clouds, it did unbind.
I tried to see him, my guardian,
But squarely turned away from me he sat.
It was my cigarette smoke
Circling about; it turned him
And set him facing me.
What will he do, my guardian?
"Most wretched lies the earth which you have made.
The trees which you have planted leafless stand.
The birds you threw into the air
Alight in vain and do not sing.
The springs of water are gone dry.
The beasts that run upon the earth,
They make no sound."

"Indeed, indeed, my nephew;
Is this so hard to change?
Not hard it is if all think and act with one accord.
Know this and go back whence you came."

Then home I turned me.
Westward the land was sloping laid;

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Across it slowly did I go.
I reached my sleeping place.
Four dawns I passed.
Then, at the east a wind arose,
Well knowing whither it should blow.
The standing trees it went shaking;
The rubbish at the foot of the trees it piled.
All the way to the west it went, and there, back looking,
Turned itself and saw
The land well smoothed and finished.

Leaves on it there came forth.
A shining cloud toward the sky upreared
And touched it with its head.
All kinds of clouds together their crests upreared,
And with it they did go.
Although the north seemed very far,
Clear to the edge of it did they go.
Although the south seemed more than far,
Clear to the very edge of it did they go.
Then, within the great Rainy Mountains
A black cloud rose.
With them it mixed, and with them it did go.
Pulling out their white breast feathers
Did they go.

Then they stood still and looked.
Although the ditches seemed deep enough,
And needing no more digging,
Full to the brim they were,
With rubbish high piled on the edges.
Although the flood channels seemed deep enough
And needing no more digging,
Full to the brim, they were,
With rubbish high piled at the edges.
All the way to the west went [the clouds],
And there they turned and looked back.
They saw the land lying beautifully moist and finished.

Then on it old men in a circle sat
And held their meeting.

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Then they scattered seed, and it came forth.
A thick root came forth;
A thick stalk came forth;
Great broad leaves came forth;
A fair tassel came forth,
And well it ripened.
Therewith were delightful the evenings;
Delightful the dawns.

Thus, indeed, should you think and desire, all you my kinsmen.(5)

SALT GATHERING AND SEA POWER

Akchin reached the salt beds on the day after viewing them from the peak. The procedure was brief, for the men had left their extra canteens several hours' march away and must reach them before night. As they neared the salt beds, the leader urged them to hurry. They dismounted without ceremony; grubbed into the earth for the long stones embedded there, and with them smashed salt lumps and proceeded to load them. As they did so, they adjured the salt: "Belight! We are going back to see the old women." (6)*

When each man finished loading his horse, he approached the leader. The latter had, laid out before him, the sacred corn meal, the peeled prayer sticks, and the newly cut scratching sticks, also a piece of red cloth (in old days one of the hand woven headbands). This cloth he tied to a large unfeathered stick, which he planted in sight of the sea, with the usual invocation. Then he gave to each man a pinch of corn meal in his left hand and a prayer stick in his right. He also gave him a scratching stick to tie on his belt, with the instructions:

10. I give you, as your property, this stick for scratching. You will run, and you will reach the water. You will see how it continually comes toward you. You will approach it, and you will throw corn meal; corn meal you will pour upon it. There will come another wave: you will throw corn meal. There will come another (wave): you will throw corn meal. There will come another (wave): you will throw corn meal.(6)

[827] * This refers to the old women who came out to meet the pilgrims on their return, begging for donations of salt.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

saw the mountain ahead of him revolving, and composed a series of songs about it which made him one of the popular leaders for the skipping dance. A legendary case recounts the story of a hero who heard a voice call to him: "The sea shaman wants to see you." He went into a cave, where he was taught songs, and when he emerged found that four years had passed. His house and property had been destroyed, as at death, and his wife considered herself a widow. But he was now a powerful shaman, so highly paid that he soon made good the losses.

There are no tales of men who failed to receive a vision. The aids to the experience, both material and spiritual, were so many that few could fail to have some sight or some emotion that might be regarded as a message from the supernatural. In the subsequent weeks of fasting this could easily magnify itself into a vision.

The runners returned late at night, and the leader waited for them. Speech No. 8 describes him sitting, half dead with cold and weariness. They gave him the objects they had picked up, which must be purified before their power could be used.

PURIFICATION

Early next morning they loaded the horses and left, adjuring the salt to be light, when they placed it in the saddlebags. As they turned to go home, the leader addressed the ocean: "I shall now return. Do you make it easy! Blow me along that I may arrive safely." They started with the elders ahead, then the neophytes, and last the leader, "to push them with his power." They must not look back or think of the salt, because this would impede their journey. They might hear singing behind them, which was the ocean trying to tempt them, but if they heeded it, they would be unable to move. The prohibition against noise was particularly rigid. "It would make the ocean angry." The neophytes must use their scratching sticks and, at the first opportunity, cut new ones to replace those which had been touched by ocean air.

On nearing the home village, they camped just outside, so that they could make an entry in the morning, and sent a messenger to

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

ristans and "fiscales," or collectors of tithes. Some of this organization persists at San Xavier to the present day. [797]

None of this achievement had much to do with the Papago of this study, who lived in the remote desert, outside Kino's usual orbit. Nevertheless, it was probably due to him that certain features of Catholic ritual took firm root in Papago culture and went on developing even when missionary influence was removed. One of these was baptism with a Spanish name. Kino reports how he made flying trips through the desert and how its savage inhabitants came as far as a hundred leagues to be baptized.[2] One can hardly believe, in view of later reports, that their eagerness came from any understanding of the Christian rite. But naming [778] by a shaman was already a well-known source of power. It seems probable that the Desert People were anxious to add power from a white shaman to what they already had.

This attitude continued. Over the centuries the Papago made a habit of adding Spanish names to their own whenever possible, [484] and they even made long journeys to Mexico to obtain them with the proper ceremony. These trips to Mexico were another institution which may very well stem from Kino's time. The missionary found he was unable to give proper instruction to Indians during his hasty passage through their villages. He made a habit of inviting selected younger ones to spend a winter in his Sonora missions for indoctrination. The Indians were willing to go, for they had always been travelers. The barrenness of their country made it impossible to stay in any one place for the whole year, and they often spent the winter in the river valleys of Mexico merely to keep from starvation. The visit to a Mexican church, instituted by Kino, grew into a cult, as will appear later.

Kino's string of missions lasted until 1767, when the Jesuits were expelled from the New World. During their later years there had been no further attempts to evangelize the Desert People, and any visits the Papago chose to make had been purely on their own initiative. The same situation continued when the Franciscans took over, in 1769. Now, however, the center of church activity moved a little nearer the Papago, for the Franciscans gave

[2] Bolton, 1919, 161.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

up the Sonora missions, owing to poverty and the Apache raids. They concentrated on the two just above the Arizona border, Tumacacori and Bac.

These big irrigated villages had been, so far, occupied by the Soba Jipuri, a people of somewhat different culture from the Papago, though of Piman speech.[1] There is no telling how much contact there had been, for these valleys were well within reach of the roving Papago. Now, during the late eighteenth century, the Apache raids grew more menacing; the Soba Jipuri villages broke up, and the Papago, who had less to lose, seeped in to occupy the land. Finally a smallpox epidemic practically wiped out the Soba Jipuri, and Bac, with its Franciscan church of San Xavier, became a village of the northern Papago.

At last the Desert People had a chance for continuous church membership, though Bac was not in their own country and most of them only stayed there for part of the year. Some took part in the church organization, and even today they install church officers at New Year's with the ancient ceremony first established in New Spain. When the Franciscans, too, left the missions, during the Mexican war of independence (1821–23), the Papago saved the church vessels and the holy images by burying them in the desert, just as they did with their own metates when they moved camp. They still tell legends of how the images called to them from underground when it was time to recover them.

Even the Papago inhabitants of Bac went back to the desert for part of the year, and they still retain their village affiliations with Archie and Akchin. The other Papago remained aloof from the churches, merely making their occasional trips "to get names." For this purpose they often chose Mexico, rather than the nearer Bac, for they could combine the journey with a winter of paid work for Mexicans or acculturated Indians. Kino's plans for indoctrination had not worked out, but the Papago did begin to acquire some fragments of Christian ritual in the course of their visits. Living in some household of Hispanicized Indians, they could learn a few prayers, hear saint stories, and acquire a crucifix without any of the attendant discipline. The crucifix early

[1] See Underhill, 1939, pp. 15–17.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

disturbed, the devil might have developed into a guardian spirit in good standing.

There were some more organized versions of Christian belief. One of these grew up among the northern Papago, who had retained their tradition of a yearly pilgrimage to Mexico. In fact, their goal was Kino's old headquarters, the church at Magdalena, in the Altar valley. Gradually the visit there became formalized, so that instead of a winter sojourn by individuals or families, it was a pilgrimage of several weeks, made by half the population of a village. The Franciscan priests who today control the missions believe that the custom may have had its roots in Jesuit times. Otherwise, why do the pilgrims always bring home the picture of St. Francis Xavier, patron of Jesuit missionaries? The Franciscans suggest that, had they instituted the custom, they would naturally have used the picture of their own patron, St. Francis of Assisi.

The journey as an institution lapsed some years ago, when a Mexican revolution closed the churches. Until then it had been one of the great events of the year for the northern villages. This is how one participant described it, in the days when the journey was made by wagon.

> Everyone who can sell a cow and get money goes. There are about a hundred wagons in a big long line, and they make a camp circle at night. The lady that gave the statue of St. Francis to our church always takes it with her to be blessed. She carries it in her trunk, wrapped in a blessed cloth, and when she camps she sets it on something, never on the ground. . . . When they get to Magdalena, they go straight to the church and get their property blessed. Then they have a good time and buy things.

As indicated by the last lines, the days in the rich Mexican valley were as much a carnival as a religious exercise. The little town of Magdalena brought out its stores of fruit, candy, cheap jewelry, and Mexican finery and held a fair in the plaza. It was from this source that the Indians brought their most cherished white man's goods. Only recently has it been displaced by the nearer markets at Tucson.

The Indians always saved a little money for candles and holy

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

224 423 Now that cattle raising has taken the place of hunting, its arrangements are very similar. A village unit uses the neighboring range as it formerly used the hunting grounds but the range has no definite limits and no objection is made if the cattle of other units are found there. A few families have accumulated enough cattle so that their ownership ranks as a business, managed on modern lines. Many, however, sell only two or three head a year to local buyers and butcher about as many for the family as they formerly butchered deer. They distribute gifts of beef just as they once distributed venision.[1]

FOOD GIFTS

431 Food was the currency of the Papago economic system. Small gifts of it were continually passing within the intimate family group, and penetrating now and then to further connections. We have described under kin behavior the frequent interchange of cooked food within the geographic unit. There was no particular rule as to quantity. One family gave two large wooden spoonfuls to every household at every meal; another, cooked for each meal, a four gallon pot and distributed it all, sometimes leaving nothing for the home household which subsisted on gifts. Other households sent gifts only once or twice a week or when they had something unusual. The ratio of giving was determined by custom with each group as the elaborateness of Christmas gifts might be determined in a White family. But it was kept up regularly, each gift being reciprocated with a like amount.

431 484 Gifts made to more distant kin were generally at the time of harvest but there was an exception when kin came to visit. People travelling through a village made the home of any relative their stopping place and then they were not only fed but given cloth, buckskins, beads or anything the family had. It was a sort of insurance which made it safe for the host family to travel in their turn for there was a strong feeling that land outside one's own village unit was dangerous ground.

736 [554] Besides the gifts which cemented relatives together, the Papago had a system of charity. Although they did not feature generosity as did certain Plains Indians it was a highly appreciated virtue and a man known to practice it had a high status in the community. No one was ever rich and the little extra that any family could accumulate was better invested in good will than kept. Most dependents were cared for by their family groups but in the unusual case that

[1] This section was written before the new regulations for cattle raising were instituted by the U. S. government.

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28
Pima NU29

People, before their water failed, had such large and constant crops that one who wished could pay in produce to have all his heavy work done and could still have plenty to live on. Many of them had relatives in the neighboring Papago village groups of Archie, Kuhatk and Perigua and, as far back as tradition goes they have called on them to help with the work. But in the middle eighties, Pima agriculture grew to large commercial proportions, when thousands of bushels of wheat were sold to passing American pioneers. The Pima, with their hands full, sent for more and more Papago workers until it became the regular thing for the northern villages to be almost depopulated at wheat cutting time and for the roads to be filled with covered wagons going to Pima country. Each Papago family traveled and worked together and each had its regular employers, whose attitude was that of relatives or feudal protectors.

The trek to the Gila began in May, the time for cutting winter wheat. This was also the end of the dry season when the Papago were almost out of food and it meant, for some families, release from starvation diet. The work lasted about three weeks with a little time more for trade and for cutting basketry willow which did not grow in the desert country. The pay, in wheat, settled down to about two sacks to the acre. The workers came home in July to have their rain ceremony and do their own planting and sometimes they returned before winter to plant for the Pima, to harvest and to pick cotton.

With the failure of the water, after 1774, Pima agriculture lessened and, in some districts, stopped. This had its repercussion on the Papago and helped in turning the northern villages toward cattle raising, which they had left largely to the south. But the habit was very strong and, though cotton raising has ceased and wheat has much lessened, many families still make the yearly journey.

The southern villages turned to the Altar valley much as the northern ones did to the Gila, with the difference that the relationships here were not so close. Apache raids and White influence broke up the Mexican Papago organization so that the employer was usually a stranger and not a relative. Nevertheless families formed permanent relationships and would go every year to camp outside the same town and work for the same people. The work was harvesting and threshing beans, harvesting and drying squash corn and peppers. The pay was a share of the produce. But there were also a few chances for range riding, work with skins and casual day labor for which the pay was money. Sometimes a family would camp outside a Mexican town, getting work when it could, otherwise hunting and making pots and peddling the product. All these

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

The third brother was called Shining Evening and he was a man-woman. His parents suspected it when he was very young because he never wanted to play with boys, always with girls. So they thought they would test him. They built a little enclosure and in it they put a bow and arrow and some basketry materials. They told the boy to go in there and play, and when he was busy they set fire to the enclosure. They thought they would see which things he saved. Out he came, carrying the basketry materials. They tried the same thing again and again after that, and it was always the same. The man-woman was very pleasant, always laughing and talking, and a good worker. She was so strong! She did not get tired grinding corn as I did, so sometimes she did it for me. That was something my husband could never do even though he was kind. It would look too bad for a man to grind corn. I found the man-woman very convenient.

I lived happily with those people and of course we never quarreled. Why should we do that? And strangely, soon after I had been married, I became dangerous again, for the first time since I had been danced. We told the medicine man and he thought, perhaps, I should be danced again and my husband, too. Who knows what danger there had been without our knowing it. So they danced us.

But this time it was different. I did not have to work hard because I had been through all that. I did not even have to sleep in the Little House. I slept in the big house next to my mother-in-law. My husband slept on the other side of the house. Every night we danced, Ah, we danced, we danced. All my life I had wanted to do that. In the daytime I could sleep. Sometimes I slept all day and waked in what we call the red evening to hear the rattle outside the house. Have you heard the rattle when our people come up in the night to dance? Ah, good!

The old people watched me until it was over, and then my husband and I ate the white clay together, and we could touch our heads and have salt in our food and go on as before.

One day my father-in-law said: "Should not our daughter-in-law be tattooed? Her face does not look right, all light, with no black on it." So my mother-in-law tattooed these four marks I have on my chin. I lay on the floor with my head in her lap and she pricked the lines with cactus thorns. Then she rubbed in greasewood soot. It hurts frightfully but if you keep still, the marks come out narrow and clear. If you wiggle they are all blurred. I did not wiggle, but I have seen girls whose chins just look as though black juice had run down them. Mine came out very pretty and, for four days, while they healed, I ate only cactus joints to make them blue.

That fall our people were going over to race with the River People

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

and my husband said to me: "We will go." That is what he always said. I hoped I would get a man who would take me to the dances and I did. Always we went and always together.

Half the people from our village went, and the people from the Burnt Seeds and the Willows and the Narrow Place. We filled the road, going along on our horses. Two nights we camped and every night we sang. When we go to race another village, it is not just a race. We sing and dance for our rivals and we come with beautiful new songs to please them. Sometimes my father made those songs, but this time it was a man named Fish Mouth. His songs were about the corn, and our men had made corn ears of cactus ribs with green yucca blades for the corn leaves and a green painted stalk. Ten boys and ten girls were going to carry them in the dance, and I was one.

We play a game with the village we are going to challenge. We send a man in on a horse, with his face painted black. He rides in to look at their dance place; then he stands up in his stirrups and calls out that we are coming. They all throw squash stems at him, the little hard stems with a circle at the bottom that cuts like a knife. So he bends close over his horse and gallops out of the village.

Then we come in. I cannot tell you all the running and the basket drumming and the old, old songs that are always sung between us before we race. My father made a speech to them and they to us. Then we dancers came in, two and two, boy and girl, holding high the white corn. The singers thumped on their baskets for us and all those River People crowded to listen. I cannot sing you the songs that Fish Mouth made, I must sing my father's. Beautiful, gay songs, my father always made.

From the ocean far away
Circling round our singing place
Maidens came,
Hither came
To circle round our singing place.

My father had dreamed that song when he went far away to the western ocean to get salt from the dry beds there. The ocean is a magic place and only brave men dare go near it. But it gave my father beautiful songs.

A boy had a feather belt
The girls on either side
Kept pulling and loosened it
And when the dance stopped
He had to tighten it again.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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At night we camped and my mother-in-law cooked a big pot of gruel. Next day I carried it among my pots so we could stop and eat it at midday. I used to be so hot and thirsty on that journey. Once, running at night, because it was too hot to travel in the day, I caught my foot in a rat's nest. Down I fell and broke all the pottery. My husband said: "Crazy one!" But Shining Evening was good to me on those trips. She was stronger than we women and when I was tired she carried my baby for me. No man could do that; it would not be right. Shining Evening was a great help.

The bean harvest of those Mexicans would be over when we arrived, and they let us go through their fields picking up the gleanings. We girls and our husbands worked, and my mother- and father-in-law went to and fro on our one horse taking the gleanings to a storage place in the mountains.

After that we worked for those Mexicans. We ground wheat and we carried wood and water. The men went up into the hills and hacked off the century plants and roasted them in pits to sell. And there they hunted, and brought down deer and hides to sell to those Mexicans. We women stayed at the foot of the hills and dug clay for pottery. Then my mother-in-law made pots, for she was clever. We young girls sat polishing them all day with little smooth stones. Oh, beautiful pots we made and earned our food! Shining Evening made pots, too, but for whiskey. She would sit there and laugh and say: "Here are my hands and here the clay. I can have what I want. Give me a bottle of whiskey."

Sometimes in the winter we went north to cut wheat for the River People and it was there that I dropped my second baby in a wheat field. And once my husband and I left the babies at home and went alone to harvest figs for the Mexicans. It was in the middle of summer but there were many people at home to work, so we got on our one horse and said: "Look! We will go to earn something for you."

We had never been before without the other Desert People, so we kept a good watch for the Apaches. It was a two day journey and my husband did not sleep all night. We only dismounted for a little while and then I slept while he watched, awake with his arrow strung. But nothing happened until we were coming home.

We passed a flat place where there was a prickly pear growing. I said: "I'm going to eat some." So my husband lifted me off the horse. "Hurry up and pick some," he said. We had a basket hanging on the saddle. I picked the fruit and my man cleaned it and we filled that basket. Then we sat down to eat.

Look, the sun was just coming up. I was facing east and I looked up

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
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Jesuits, the date of the pilgrimage was shifted to the feast day of St. Francis of Assisi, patron of the Franciscans, October 4.[10]

The change in the identity of the saint made no difference to the faithful. San Francisco Xavier is their saint, who watches over them and helps to bring rain to the desert. Pictures of the saint lying upon his tomb crowd the walls of their little churches and the altars in their homes. Underhill remarks the sharp contrast between this "cult of a dead man" and the Papago fear of the dead. She believes it quite possible that the Papago do not realize that the picture represents a sarcophagus; for, when the Papago buy a waxen image of San Francisco, they dress it in a silk nightshirt and lay it in a doll bed. "When asked why the saint is in bed, they are vague. He is a white supernatural, and that is his way. They cannot tell why he performs his miracles lying down, but they know he performs them."[11]

The annual pilgrimage to honor San Francisco is the greatest event of the year for many a Papago family. For weeks ahead of time talk is of nothing else. A cattle roundup and sale are held in September to procure enough food, clothing, and supplies for the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile journey and the week spent in Magdalena. The family *santos* must be packed carefully, so that they, too, can be taken to receive the blessing of the saint. At last the family sets out by wagon, truck, or car, sleeping by the road at night.

In Magdalena they camp together with other Papago families in a large open field on the edge of town. Every day they go to market in one of the two central plazas, where there are row on row of little booths, with fruits and candies, bakery goods, bright-colored clothing, knickknacks, and sacred objects for sale. The adults buy clothing and household equipment for the coming year and gifts for everyone at home, while the children wander about the plaza, gazing at the booths, spending a few nickels a day for sweets or occasionally riding the merry-go-round.

Menfolk are likely to be found in the bars around the second plaza, since in Mexico they can get all the liquor they can pay for. Women worry because their men get drunk and lose all their money to the Mexicans or are jailed for creating a disturbance. A loud-speaker blares out the names of those who have been arrested, and their wives obtain their release by paying a fine.

At least once during the week the mother (and perhaps the father) takes the children into the church to touch the image of St. Francis. New *santos* and bright ribbons bought at the shops outside, and the *santos* from home, are

10. At the mission of San Xavier del Bac near Tucson, also founded by Kino and later rebuilt by the Franciscans, the great celebration of the year is still on December 3, the day of the Jesuit saint.
11. Ruth Underhill, "Acculturation at the Papago Village of Santa Rosa" (MS), p. 31.

[Text continues on p. 88-Analyst]

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
NU28 Papago NU28

Pima Indians; he may be related to some of them. Yaqui Indians, with whom Papago do not mingle so freely, also work there. The child may see Negroes working in the fields or perhaps colored troops stationed near Ajo, but the Papago consider "the black ones" social inferiors and do not associate with them.

Mexicans are encountered in many towns near the Reservation. They live near or among Papago who are working in town, and the child may be taken into Mexican stores. But the average Papago child's most memorable contacts with Mexicans occur on the annual pilgrimage to the church of San Francisco in Magdalena. The two-hundred-and-fifty-mile trip is the longest which many Papago children ever make, and they enjoy it to the utmost. The days of preparation are busy ones for the child, who runs many errands and keeps the babies out of the way of hard-working adults. On the way the family may pass through Sells and Tucson and perhaps have a little time to look into the stores. Magdalena itself is a paradise for the child. The booths with their bright clothes, strange foods, and fascinating knickknacks, the crowds in the plazas, the music in the bars and streets—all fascinate him. The blessing received by kissing the statue of St. Francis, he is taught to believe, is worth the long wait in the crowded cathedral, for it is his most powerful safeguard of good health throughout the coming year.

More frequent are trips to towns near the Reservation. Children from the eastern districts go infrequently to Tucson, and all the children from the western villages studied have been in Ajo many times. Nearly all the westerners and many from the East visit the homes of relatives working at the Ajo copper mine. In town Papago children love to go to the movies and buy comic magazines, even though they do not understand English. They spend a few cents for candy and stand about the streets watching all the people, particularly the strange whites. As at the fiestas, little girls stay close to the women, but boys run about by themselves.

For years, school children of the western districts have gone to the municipal Christmas Eve celebration in Ajo. They travel in the school bus and on arrival run about the town square. A uniformed band plays near the huge decorated trees in the park; there is a parade, with Santa Claus in a sleigh, and treats of candy and fruit for everyone. The youngsters enjoy it all, but they usually skip the parade and other preliminaries to establish themselves in line to receive candy. They are not shy and will push as hard as Mexican or white children to get to the front and enter the line a second or third time to get more candy. It does not occur to them that this might be unsportsman-like; the candy is being given away, and the youngsters assume that they are welcome to all they can eat. To them this is a whiteman's fiesta, and at a fiesta the host always says, "Come in and eat; eat all you want." They do.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
NU28 Papago NU28

of making a ridiculous reply as it is to reserve. The youth will explain to another Papago that he knew what the white was saying, but, unsure of his ability to answer in good English, he just kept quiet.

As a rule, resident whites treat the Indians with friendliness strongly tinged with caution.[3] They respect the Papago and perhaps like certain individuals, but they know that Indians are sensitive in ways unpredictable to whites. The Papago largely reciprocate these attitudes. With rare exceptions, neither group seeks association with the other outside of business hours. The Indians admit that the white man has a peculiar magic which results in economic wealth, and this they frankly covet. But few would care to live with whites or even in their manner. To them, the Desert People remain "the people."

All teen-age Papago make more frequent trips off the Reservation than do their younger brothers and sisters. Boys go whenever they can be spared at home and can find means of transportation; girls are equally interested but must wait on the convenience of some man of the family. A young person of a western district probably has at least one relative who works in the mine at Ajo and lives there with his family; visits to these relatives are great occasions. The relatives in town live in frame houses or in shacks pieced together out of scrap iron, but even the poorest dwellings are likely to have more furnishings than western Reservation homes. Curtains, bedspreads, and tablecloths are in ordinary use, and all cooking is done indoors. With more leisure and cash, town dwellers go to the movies and buy store food, good clothes, and bootleg liquor. These are momentous matters for the Reservation youngsters, and they are quick to imitate their town kinfolk. Girls readily adopt the town styles of dress, but boys can always be recognized as Reservation Indians by their Stetson hats, Levis, and cowboy boots. Clothing, amusements, and the easier living are powerful incentives for young Papago to go and do likewise, i.e., get a job in town.

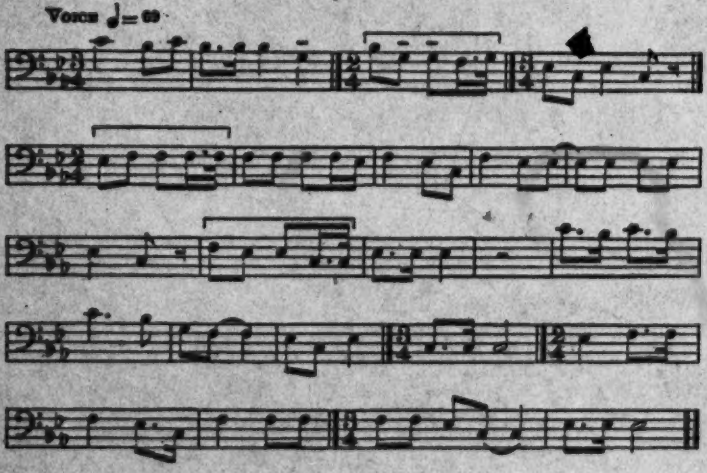
A great many youth have been accustomed from childhood to going with their families to work in the cotton fields, but late adolescence bring opportunities for work away from home. Older girls who have more than a smattering of English can get jobs as housemaids in Tucson or Phoenix, and many young girls look forward to this opportunity to live independently for a little while before marriage. A wider variety of work is open to boys. With the increased demand for labor during the war, some Baboquivari lads of sixteen to eighteen left the Reservation for several weeks or months to work on railroads or ranches. Since the Papago are known as good workers, they can

3. This paragraph is drawn largely from Ruth Underhill, "Acculturation in the Papago Village of Santa Rosa" (MS).

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

No. 122. "Cowaka, Come and Help Us Sing" 533X
(Catalogue No. 1012)

Recorded by JOSE MANUEL



TRANSLATION

We stand and start the singing.
Cowaka, come out and help us sing.
We will keep you standing all night long and cure you.

Analysis.—This rather quaint melody contains three phrases which end with a descending minor third and a final phrase which ends with an ascending minor third. The song contains only four intervals larger than a minor third. It is based on the second five-toned scale and has a compass of eight tones, the melody lying between the keynote and its octave, which is an unusual melodic structure.

The melody of the following song was not transcribed.

TRANSLATION

A poor man takes the songs in his hand and drops them near the place where the sun sets.
See, Cowaka, run to them and take them in your hand and place them under the sunset.

SONGS CONNECTED WITH EXPEDITIONS TO OBTAIN SALT

The fact that the Papago made expeditions to the Gulf of California for the purpose of obtaining salt has been mentioned by several writers but the distinction is not always made between commercial expeditions and those which had for their object the securing 484 317

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

484 317 [823] of "medicine power" from the ocean. The commercial expeditions were made by many people and while the journey was long and hard it was not surrounded by the regulations which made the latter type of expedition a severe test of a man's physical endurance. The ocean was regarded with reverence and a man must undergo a severe ordeal in order to come into communication with it and to receive power from it. However, his journey and that of the seeker for salt had a few points in common, both being required to run four times around the bed of salt (*anta*) and to remain in isolation four days after their return, observing the usual customs of a fasting period.

484 317 439 [847] The Papago used salt in the widespread commerce of the tribe. It was an article of barter with the Pima on the north and was also sold in Mexico, where the Sonora Mining Co. bought about 20,000 pounds annually from these Indians.[35] In 1920 an old couple was still passing through Sells, Ariz., every year with a supply of salt which was obtained from the salt deposits and carried on the backs of their burros. The salt deposit was said to be about 2 miles from the Gulf of California and about 130 miles from the southern part of the Papago reservation. Those who went for salt made their camp a little distance from the salt bed and after gathering the salt they ran to the sea and thence to their camp, but they did not go to Hiamorli (or Hiamowitcu), which was the destination of those who sought "medicine power."

484 317 An expedition to secure salt for commercial purposes had its peculiar customs. Mattias Hendricks went with his father on such a trip, the party including one man beside his father. Mattias was then a little boy, but old enough to get the horses in the morning. Those who went for salt usually took two or three pack burros or horses on which to bring back the salt. They made their camp at a distance from the salt bed and when they went to gather the salt they were required to run four times around the salt bed without stopping. The circumference of the salt bed was about a mile and a quarter. When they had done this and performed certain rites they could take the salt. There were some rocks with sharp edges near the place and these were used in scraping aside the fine substance which covered the surface of the salt and was also below it. This substance was called "salt shoes" and did not have a pleasant taste. Mattias Hendricks said he remembered that his father, after breaking through this substance, said to the salt, "Please leave your shoes because you must ride on a burro." The sharp rocks were used also in scraping up the salt. After the men had finished gathering the salt they ran to the sea without stopping and returned to their camp.

[35] Frank Russell, op. cit., p. 94.

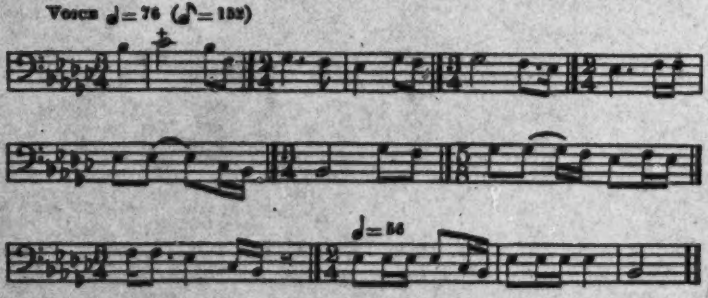
6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

The following song was sung in order that the men might secure a good supply of salt. It was accompanied by the rubbing of a short stick on an inverted basket. The stick was of greasewood, about 9 inches long and an inch wide, slightly flattened. The motion across the fiber of the basket was up and down, producing a soft and rather pleasant sound.

533X 534

No. 121. Song Before an Expedition to Obtain Salt 533X

(Catalogue No. 1010)

Recorded by JOSE MANUEL

TRANSLATION

We are scraping the basket and singing,
We hear the echoes in all the mountains around us,
We will make a trip to the salt and are singing to make it easy for us to get it.

Analysis.—This song is minor in tonality but contains only one minor third. The major third occurs three times in descending progression, followed by a descending semitone which gives a peculiar and interesting effect. Almost one-third of the intervals are semitones, which is unusual in the songs under analysis. A change to a very slow tempo occurs in the closing measures.

When making the trip to obtain medicine power a man was required to walk the entire distance. If he took a pack animal he was not allowed to ride it. He carried water and pinole but was allowed to eat and drink only a very little. Beside the salt bed was a little well in which the water was salt but not so salt as the ocean. On arriving at this well he might drink a very little water. Beside the well he left whatever he was carrying and ran four times around the salt bed, going from the east to the north, west, and south. He then crossed the dunes to the sea and ran to Hiamorli. This was a sand bar extending into the sea about 50 miles beyond the salt bed and was described as the "place where the water turns and runs into the place where they get the salt." A line of hills (sand dunes) extended

756 494

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

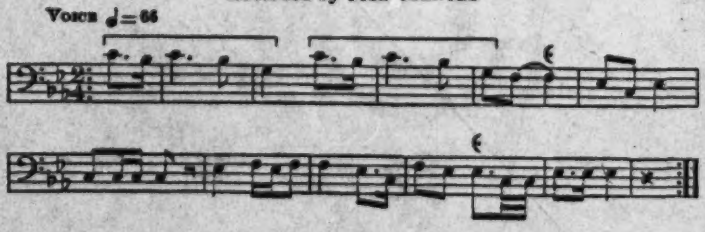
from the salt bed to Hiamorli and a man crossed these soon after leaving the salt bed, traveling thereafter on the sandy shore. On Hiamorli he rested a short time and "talked to the sea, asking it to make him a powerful medicine man." Then he ran back to the salt bed, drank again of the little well, and returned to his camp. He was not permitted to stop running except on Hiamorli. Only the best runners could compass this journey. An informant stated that he knew of two young men who started from the salt bed about midnight, ran to Hiamorli, and returned when the sun was at a height corresponding to about 10 o'clock in the morning. They were running almost the entire time, as the rest on Hiamorli was of short duration. The "medicine power" was usually received by a man during the period of isolation after his return home.

The following song was sung after the men arrived at the salt bed.

No. 122. "We Will Run Around the Salt Bed"

(Catalogue No. 1011)

Recorded by JOSE MANUEL



TRANSLATION

We will run around the salt bed,
We will run so fast that the stars will seem to run,
In this way perhaps one of us may secure magic power.

Analysis.—No change of measure lengths occurs in this song, which is a particularly pleasing melody. The first and second phrases begin on the unaccented part of the measure and the third phrase containing no rhythmic unit begins with a quarter note on the accented count. The song is on the second five-toned scale and contains only two intervals larger than a minor third.

The following song was sung on the expeditions to obtain salt. The melody is the same as that of the preceding song. The first word of this is "hiciă," a word whose meaning could not be ascertained. It is used at the beginning of the salt songs but in no other connection. This song is said to be very old and to have come down from some forgotten medicine man "who lived when the people first found out about medicine." On being questioned concerning the mention of rain in this and the song next following the informants said that

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

follow the words at that distance. In their enthusiasm they seemed to be trying to wring the rain from the gods, and above them all could be heard that wonderful soprano. Every time a new stanza came around, they intoned as is their custom the first words with all the power of their lungs, giving the singing a triumphant expression.

During the two nights of singing and ceremonies, the wine was getting ready for consumption on the third day, at which time people gathered outside the lodge to the number of some five hundred, including many who had not taken part in the exercises. Many came to drink wine at the houses of their friends and relatives, and had been invited from such distant places as Florence on the Gila River and San Pedro in Sonora, everybody first having been present at the distributing of the wine at the lodge.

Young boys on horseback had been in evidence in the morning, racing joyously with each other and raising dust wherever they went. Some of them were prematurely under the influence of liquor, the result of the inroads of civilization. It is characteristic of the primitive Indian to be strict and formal in his religious observances, but after the festival, when the gods have had their share, he, too, wants a good time and takes it. The rising generation, breaking away from their native customs, make no such fine distinction.

People came on horseback or in wagons, some of them in light carriages; one well-to-do Indian from the northern part of Baboquivari arrived in quite a

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

smart turnout with two white horses and had a well-fed dog running alongside. He wore spectacles and brought his family with him. It was a curious assemblage in the desert. There was as yet no shouting to be heard or any other noise than that of wagons rolling and horses galloping over the sandy ground, but the scene was one of bustling activity that reminded one of a race-track meeting.

The ceremonies began at noon and only a minority of those present could sit down on the dancing place and take an active part; most of them had to be spectators, standing or sitting on their horses around the square of human rows. Beyond these, wagons had been drawn up which were filled with standing spectators. The chief passed me in the throng and said he was glad to see me at the feast. He hoped I would make the most of it and see everything; I thought he might have invited me to take a seat among those on the "ground floor." However, any one who liked was free to do so if he were able to squeeze himself in. As it was, I preferred to be where I stood.

People were in their very best finery, and some of the women were a sight to behold in gaudy colors, not exactly the cheapest stuff, for the present-day Papago is well-to-do and wants the best, although he does not want to pay high prices. The most conspicuous dresses seemed to be made from mercerized silk, very thin, and were fair copies of the prevailing fashions among white women in town or on the ranch. The Papago woman is clever and cuts her clothes herself, sewing

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

196 It appears that a feast at which sahuaro wine was drunk was dependent at Caborca on the killing of the mule-deer (called by the Mexicans *buro*). At the dance which was executed in a different manner from that of the ordinary sahuaro festival, the men carried arrows, and the singing was accompanied by the medicine-man's rasping sticks. The same kind of festival is probably still in use among Indians west of the Altar River.

153 181 The Indians at this place show the usual intelligence of their tribe. One young man who had been instructed in the knowledge of the alphabet by an American in Quitovac, taught himself how to read. He did not read fluently, but had almost mastered the art. Few of the Indians here can, however, be depended upon for work, as they are demoralized by the mescal brandy. They seem to employ their time between earning money and getting drunk therewith. They are no longer able to keep up their native feasts and are rapidly disappearing into the body of Mexican laborers. The same is the case with the remnants of Papagoes who live in the rest of the towns or settlements along the Altar River.

000 My plan had been to fit out my expedition here, but the difficulty I experienced in trying to secure riding and pack animals, not to speak of men of the right sort, decided me to continue the journey by wagon. All traffic [484] here is by wagon, and it is easy to proceed by this mode of transportation as far as Quitovac and Sonoita, two settlements of Mexicans with considerable Indian populations in the farthest inhabitable western part of the District of Altar. Even a wagon proved difficult to

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

317 hundred meters in diameter and at long intervals covered by the sea, is still popular also with many Papagoes north of the boundary line. Their expeditions pass La Nariz, Espuma, and Chujubabi, and the time to go there is in April and October. Sometimes there is no salt found, when those Indians who are in the habit of visiting there come to the Pinacate salina.

[484 721] 317 783 The expeditions to the salt deposit, where we had our present camp, used to consist of thirty or forty men—"as many as when going to fight the Apaches," to use the expression of the most prominent leader of these expeditions to-day, whom I met at Santa Rosa in Arizona. In this case, however, they are all unarmed. On the road to [261] and from the salina the Indians eat and drink very little, their only food being pinole, a handful to each, three times a day, eaten in the morning before the start, at noon, and in the afternoon. It is mixed with water, and whatever little may stick to the cup after its contents have been eaten is buried in a hole made in the ground. Nobody drinks water without permission; they wait until the leader tells them to do so, and drink only when told to stop on the march. The party travels very silently, only elderly men who have undertaken the journey before talk, and nobody turns around either on the journey out or on the return. No member of the expedition can scratch himself unless he uses for the purpose a special implement made from a twig of the greasewood.

In the evenings going and coming they receive instructions from the leader concerning the care that must be

13:Davis E-5 (1920)1920 NU28 Papago NU28

773 voice of the male heart calling from the
778 hills at night, and whenever they have tried to follow, it has always eluded them.
796 Each year, at full moon, in the month of July, the basket, with all the ceremonial trappings, is brought forth by the keeper, who is an old Papago woman, sister of the man who has charge of it, and she watches over it during the whole ceremony. At the conclusion, the man in charge opens the basket, inserts one hand in the bag, putting the other hand over the opening to prevent his seeing the heart, turns it over, then withdraws his hand and closes the opening, replacing the bag in the basket, which he lashes down with deerskin thongs. When the keeper grows old and realizes that he is about to die, he appoints a successor.

796 The people for many miles around make
788 an annual pilgrimage to the village of
[1897] Quitovaquita, situated twenty-five miles south of the boundary line, in Sonora, to pay honor to the sacred relic, and to pray for belessings which it grants, such as plenty of rain, good crops, health, and long life for each family. Any neglect of this pil-

WHERE THE PICKERS LIVE

The people who move into the irrigated valleys of southern Arizona to harvest the cotton crop must live somewhere while they work in the fields. Like other migrant farm laborers

> "During a considerable portion of each year they live perforce in houses or shelters which are not their own homes and in localities which are not their own home communities. Their children must suffer a series of breaks in school attendance and be denied many of the community privileges which are the normal lot of other youth. These conditions are important to employers of migrant workers. Good facilities and conditions help to induce workers to accept employment while bad conditions make it difficult for employers to obtain the workers required."[1]

In 1950 cotton harvest hands had essentially two choices in southern Arizona. They could live in cities or towns and ride out to the fields every morning, or they could live in labor camps on the farms and walk to the fields.

A new pattern of mobility is emerging in the Arizona cotton harvest which would considerably surprise someone familiar with the region a decade ago. Many of the 20,000 or so pickers in Pima and Pinal counties lived in towns and were hauled out to the fields each day in trucks or buses in 1950. Labor contractors recruited these crews, and sent them to the best picking available each day. About two-thirds of the cotton farmers in Pima and Pinal counties paid contractors to haul pickers to their fields.[2] About a fifth of the farmers in Pinal county hired pickers who lived in towns, but drove their own cars to the fields instead of working under a contractor.[3] Actually very few farmers relied on pickers driving to work to harvest their crop--those who did planted small acreages close to towns. Most growers hired anyone who came along in his car along with hands hauled from towns in trucks and those living in camps.

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[1] Federal Interagency Committee on Migrant Labor, 1947, p p. 18-19.

[2] 50 farmers of 51 giving data, 64.8%, in Pima county did. 26 of 38, or 68.4%, in Pinal county hired such pickers.

[3] 9 of 38 farmers giving data hired them--23.7%.

[4] 4 of 31 farmers giving information hired them--12.9%.

464 484 494 In Pima county, at least, Papago cotton pickers seem to have become as fully mobile as any other harvest hands. Many Desert People who have moved to Tucson or live there during picking season ride trucks or buses to the fields each morning. The drivers, usually Mexican-Americans, establish regular routes from which they pick up hands, and the Indians are just individuals in a mixed crew of Anglos, Mexican-Americans and Negros. Some Papago families living in Tucson also move into labor camps on farms.

[463] [621] At nearby San Xavier the Desert People can choose either method of working. Those moving out to live in labor camps are generally irrigators and farm handy men who live away from their community most of the time, returning for religious celebrations and visits. Part-time laborers picking cotton usually take an uncomfortable ride to their jobs every day in canvas-covered flat bed trucks that usually have rough benches to sit on. At least one San Xavier man has escaped the bottom of the economic scale by hauling other Papagos to work in his truck even as other contractors.

[184] Fewer Papagos ride to work each morning in Pinal county. The proportion of the total picking force hauled from the towns each day is also much smaller than in Pima county. The trading centers do not afford the labor reservoir available in big-city Tucson, nor the [361] housing for migrant workers found in that city. So the greatest part of the harvest labor is housed in camps on cotton farms, and many of the hands hauled from the towns live in what are no more than labor camps thrown up in the trading centers.

464 327 Despite increasing importance of mobile labor that is more efficient in that it can be put to work where most needed, most cotton farmers rely still on pickers living in their own labor camps on their farms. Four-fifths of the cotton farms in Pima and Pinal counties have these camps.[1] A few farmers operated more than one labor camp in 1950--1 farm of every 9 or so has been afflicted with two camps or more.[2] Some farmers built

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[1] 26 farmers of 34 giving data, 76.5%, in Pima county had camps. 46 of 57 giving data, 80.7%, in Pinal had them.

[2] 72 farms with camps had 82, averaging 1.139 per farm.
46 farms with camps in Pima county had 50 camps.
26 farms with camps in Pinal county had 32 camps.

Immediate reasons Papagos work—

461 794 796 Aside from the necessity for earning enough cash to buy food and clothing, there are other reasons for earning money. During the picking season three important religious events occur. These are the feast days of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis Xavier, and All Souls Day of the Roman Catholic ceremonial calendar. A very high proportion of the tribe goes to one or another, or all three.

795 184 [197] Although several denominations have gained a foothold among the Desert People, the vast majority are orthodox or Sonora Catholics. Harvest hands in 1950 were about 95% Catholic.[1] The rest are about evenly divided between Protestants and individuals consciously rejecting Christian allegiance to practice native forms of religion or none at all. The Presbyterian church has the largest following among Protestant groups, with six congregations on the reservations. However, there are other missions on the reservations. However, missionary activity does not extend to labor camps.[2]

484 788 782 755 796 From the great reservoir of Papago Catholics come the pilgrims to Magdalena, San Xavier, Chuwhiy Cuwak at fiesta time. These pilgrims make their journeys primarily to keep promises they've made to the Saint, or to ask him to intercede for them. Because they have very deep faith in the powers of St. Francis to cure illnesses, the Desert People frequently vow to the Saint that if the petitioner or one of his loved ones is cured, he will visit the statue of the Saint in the Magdalena (or San Xavier or Chuwhiy Cuwak) church. Often the person vows to make four such visits, to place a number of candles for the Saint, to leave him an amount of money, perhaps even to walk from the border to Magdalena or to perform some other penance.

78 [796] [798] Not all those petitioning the Saint seek health. Some ask aid in business, love or other ventures. The Desert People bring statues and pictures from their household shrines and chapels to press against the statue of the Saint for his blessing. They buy yards of bright ribbons, sold in shops thrown up about the

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[1] Based on information from 35 individuals.
[2] Not 1 of 9 persons questioned had seen a missionary in 1950. 1 had in a previous year.

78 church, to be blessed and taken home to give those who couldn't come. But 9 Papagos out of 10 at one of the pilgrimage towns in October, 1950, came to fulfill a vow.[1]

●484 788 So important are these pilgrimages to the Desert People that almost three-fifths of the Papagos in the cotton fields in 1950 went to Magdalena, San Xavier or Chuwhiy Cuwsk for the October celebration.[2] In numbers, this apparently meant over 2,500 Papagos traveled from southern Arizona labor camps to one of these three churches.[3] Many more Desert People left their homes on the reserves to make their pilgrimages, although the proportion was not as high because of the large number of Protestants among those remaining on the reserves during picking season, and lack of money to finance a pilgrimage. Perhaps another 1,000 individuals made pilgrimages from the reserves. Almost half the tribe went on the 1950 pilgrimage.

This religious exodus affected virtually every cotton farm where Papagos worked to some extent.[4] The [153] number of Papago pilgrims at Magdalena in 1950 seemed rather higher than the year before, apparently reflecting greater psychological stress in the tribe, perhaps arising from greater awareness of a critical economic position and unsettled world conditions again threatening young men. A fifth of the 1950 cotton harvesters had made a pilgrimage in some previous year although they didn't in 1950.[5] indicating the high proportion of pilgrims returning.

Greatest of the 3 celebrations is that held on [155] the day of St. Francis of Assisi, October 4. Pilgrims [778] travel to all three churches where miraculous curing statues of St. Francis Xavier are located—Magdalena, San Xavier, and Chuwhiy Cuwsk.

[361] The largest celebration leading up to the Oct. 4 rites galvanizes the small Mexican city of Magdalena, an adobe settlement located about 60 miles south of the [155] international boundary in Sonora. Many are the stories [778] of cures by its powerful statue, which is supposed to have come to the spot when burros bearing it northward for a procession refused To Proceed.

[1] Based on 11 persons giving reasons for their trips.
[2] 23 of 40 individuals giving information made pilgrimages, 57½.
[3] There were about 1,600 families with 4,500 Papagos in labor camps in Pima and Pinal counties in 1950.
[4] 9 of 10 farmers in Pima county and 10 of 10 in Pinal giving information lost some Papago workers.
[5] 8 of 40 giving information, 20%.

484 for a procession of friars refused to proceed. Most
788 October pilgrims go to Magdalena--about 60% of the Papagos in the cotton fields who made a pilgrimage in 1950.[1] Of 2,500 or so cotton picker pilgrims, about 1,500 were bound for Magdalena. If the proportion of reservation-dwellers going to the church where the Apostle of the Pimas, Eusebio Kino, was buried was the same as among cotton picking Papagos, some 600 of them saw Magdalena in 1950. A 2,100 total agrees closely with the estimate this writer made previously of the number of Papagos in Magdalena at fiesta time--2,000.[2]

Papago pilgrims in Magdalena stayed from a few hours to a week. The average sojourn in 1950 was 3 days.[3] Some hardy souls made a flying trip from the fields one night by bus, performing their duties to the Saint during the following day, and returning that night, reported back to work next morning. But usually the Desert People spent from 1 to 2 days traveling to and from Magdalena--a half day trip from Tucson including customs and immigrations formalities on both sides of the border.

494 About half the Papagos visiting Magdalena in 1950
487 traveled by bus--Greyhound in the U. S. and Transportes
788 Norte de Sonora in Mexico.[4] Slightly less than half reached the fiesta on trucks, paying just over $7.00 on the average for this rough-and-ready transportation.[5] A few of the Desert People still made the slow wagon journey from their reservations to Magdalena in 1950, but authorities on both sides of the international boundary frowned upon the practice, and Mexican officials closed their border to wagons.

486 U. S. citizens entering Mexico are required to ob-
641 tain "Tourist Permits" identifying the individual and entitling him to remain in that country for six months. Practice in regard to Papagos crossing the border has varied greatly in both Mexico and the United States because of difficulties in determining citizenship of Indians often speaking neither English or Spanish who may have been born on either side of the border and not know which. The migrations of the Desert People between

[Text continues on p. 90]

[1] 14 of 24 whose pilgrimage goal was obtained went to Magdalena, 61%.
[2] Dobyns, 1950, p. 28. Contains fuller description of The Fiesta of St. Francis at Magdalena.
[3] Based on information from 8 individuals and observation of hundreds at Magdalena.
[4] Based on 8 of 11 giving information, much observation.
[5] 5 of 11 individuals giving data came by truck, paying $7.13 apiece roundtrip on the average.

19: Dobyns E-5 (1950) 1951 NU28 Papago NU28

984
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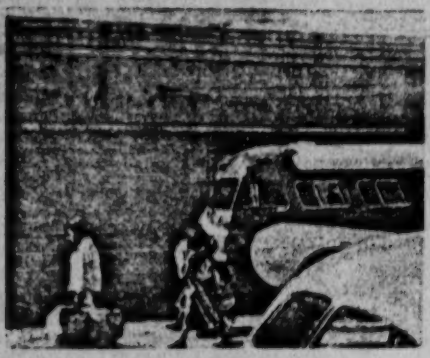
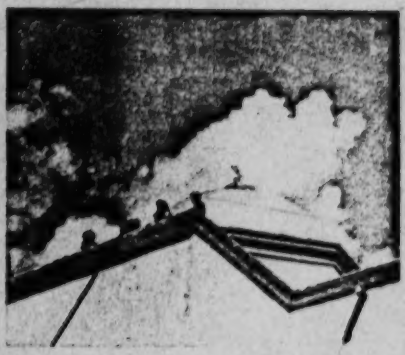
527



Half the Papago pilgrims came by bus.



Papago children explored the church founded by Eusebio Kino and Augustin de Campos over 250 years ago . . .

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or enjoyed a ride . . .

while their parents shopped for candles for San Francisco Xavier . . . and ribbons for stay at homes . . . and statues . . . and religious pictures . . . and milagros.

788 the surrounding countryside are beginning to make the pilgrimmage there. The church was built by the Indians to house the statue which is believed by them to have appeared miraculously in the village only a few years ago. Chuwhiy Guwsk (the name means Jackrabbit Falls Down) is growing in importance as a goal for Papago pilgrims. In 1950 it attracted about a fifth of those making a pilgrimmage from labor camps, probably more than 500 people.[1] Reached by desert trails, the town is not serviced by a bus. Pilgrims reached it on trucks or in cars, or in wagons or on horseback. Most Desert People who traveled to one of the fiestas by wagon in 1950 visited Chuwhiy Guwsk. The town itself has no permanent water supply aside from its charco, and affords no power supply for bright lights. Portable generators were used in 1950 to light the few temporary bars and restaurants. The merchandise stuffed booths of Magdalena were absent, and the cost of a pilgrimmage was much lower.

461 22 788 574 427 A good many Papagos worked a trip to their homes on the reserves into their pilgrimmage before they went back to picking cotton. Their disregard of what most Anglos consider unbreakable rules for good working behavior baffles and irritates their employers. Pilgrims from Pima county labor camps lost an average of 5[illegible] days from work, in effect a work week, varying from those gone a single day to families absent 3 weeks.[2] In Pinal county, which is even more distant from the pilgrimmage towns, Papagos lost more time from work. Families stayed from 2 days to a month, averaging 9 days away from their picking jobs.[3] This amount of time taken from cotton harvesting just before the peak of the season is reached is frequently incomprehensible to Anglo Protestant cotton growers, and is a black mark against Papago Catholic employees in their eyes.

484 788 511 435 It seems quite likely that most Papago families making a pilgrimmage from a labor camp to Magdalena, Chuwhiy Guwsk or San Xavier in 1950 spent most or all that they had earned picking cotton up to that time on their pilgrimmage trip. The average sized family working in the cotton harvest needed $90 for transportation, food and lodging in Magdalena for the usual 3-day sojourn, and the added cost of drinking beer and

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[1] 6 of 23 individuals whose goal was obtained, 28%.
[2] Based on information from 6 farmers hiring Papagos.
[3] Based on 20 farms where information was obtained.

mescal and perhaps paying a small fine to get out of jail next morning, buying presents for folks back home and children, purchasing a new pair of boots or a coat and donating to the Saint and buying ribbons and relics to take home all added up. Probably most of the families going to Magdalena spent around $125.

While Chuwhiy Guwsk was not so expensive, and San Xavier considerably less in cost, the nearly 600 Papago families making pilgrimages from labor camps spent at least $50,000 on the one religious celebration on St. Francis of Assisi's day, and more than likely spent about $75,000. It is hardly surprising that Magdalena merchants are glad to see Papagos.

Acquiring this amount of cash to spend is undoubtedly a very strong motive behind Papago cotton field labor. Growers impatient with their Indians for taking off work at this time must realize that this fiesta is one main reason the Desert People work at all!

Most Papago families picking cotton in 1956 made at least one trip home to the reserves. In fact, over four-fifths of them returned home at least once.[1] Some made frequent trips to care for livestock or poultry, or just to have a good time at fiestas, and many made two trips, which was about average.

About 7 trips of every 10 were made at All Souls Day, the next important religious event after the fiesta of St. Francis, and the next most important in number of Indian participants.[2] However, there are no centers for the observance of this day of memorial. Families scatter to their home towns where they visit graveyards to leave flowers and candles and pray for the dead.

The last of the trio of religious festivals falls on Dec. 3, the day of St. Francis Xavier. (Actually the Desert People do not clearly distinguish between Saints Francis of Assisi and Xavier. The big fiesta on Oct. 4 was probably held originally Dec. 3, the day of Jesuit St. Francis Xavier, but was shifted by later

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[1] 123 families of 84 giving data returned, 82%.
123 families made 30 plus trips (some interviews being early in the season didn't include all trips). 6 Pima and 4 Pinal county farmers said their Papago hands averaged just over 2 trips home per family during picking season, much to their employers' annoyance.
[2] 14 of 20 trips of known purpose were at All Souls, 70%.

484 Franciscan missionaries to the earlier date of their
179 own St. Francis of Assisi). The fine old mission
[188] church at San Xavier del Bac is the goal of Papago pilgrims at that time. In 1950 about 15% of the Desert People picking cotton who left their jobs made the journey to San Xavier.[1]

541 One secular event in the fall competes with religious celebrations for the interest of the Desert People. This is their tribal rodeo staged at Sells. About 1 of 10 Papago cotton pickers attended one of the two-day 1950 performances.[2] Wage laborers were augmented by great numbers of stay-at-homes, who filled the 2,500-seat capacity stands both days with help of a few hundred Anglo visitors from Tucson and other southern Arizona towns.

166 A few laborers return to the reserves for other
524 reasons---some women go home to their mothers when they
484 are due to parturate, although most seem to bear their
944 babies in labor camps without medical aid. Sometimes
[158] a quick trip home is necessary to look after animals or other property. But generally when the Desert People go to labor camps, they go to work steadily through the season. They leave only for---to them---pressing reasons.

796 Most farmers hiring Indians realize that religious
46 celebrations are very pressing reasons. Obligations
46 the Desert People feel they must fulfill at these times
[182] rise above considerations of steady work. The vow to
[182] St. Francis comes before some farmer's cotton, or the
[188] Papago's own job, and he will go to one of those three churches regardless of other duties. Farmers who realize the importance to the Papagos of their religion are much happier men at fiesta time than those who regard a job as the most important thing in the world.

466 However, many farmers do not understand the relig-
[461] ious beliefs of their Papago employees sufficiently to make allowances when Indians ignore prevalent Anglo work standards. And cotton growers resent the inconvenience involved in transporting Papagos. A Marana farmer remarked "One reason I never fool with Papagos is you have to take them to Sells 3 or 4 times a year." Another who hired Papagos griped that "Indians are more

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[1] 3 of 20 trips of known purpose were to San Xavier.
[2] 2 of 20 trips of known purpose were to the rodeo.

466 reliable but they're more trouble--you have to take
484 them to town, to the store, and you have to look after them more than the others.[1]

197 The Desert People working in the cotton harvest
591 meet farmers and other laborers under very special
432 conditions in labor camps and fields. But for a few
439 hours in the week they come into contact with a much
273 wider range of Anglo-American culture in trading centers where they shop. They enter into the buyer-seller relationship prevalent in our society, in stores of many kinds. They go to movies. They sit by trucks that haul them to town and watch the colorful harvest season crowds. They seek sympathetic or predatory men to buy liquor for them, since legally they cannot purchase it themselves. Then, they drink it as fast as possible so they won't loose the poor quality liquor they've been overcharged for if they're arrested. As a result they generally become staggering drunk and are arrested, contributing both cash and labor to the city governments of trading towns--and giving their tribe a black eye. Their few hours in town on Saturday afternoon make a deep impression upon the observant Desert People.

484 In Pima county, large-city Tucson is shopping day
439 goal for Papagos. They take a bus into the city about
[494] once a month.[2] These are the shopping trips remembered by the Desert People, for in talking about their shopping, they didn't bother to mention more frequent trips to stores in Sahuarita or Marana where the center of town is no more than a general store or two and a garage.

In Pinal county the Desert People usually shop in the trading center nearest the labor camp where they live. The main shopping towns are Casa Grande, Eloy, Picacho, and Stanfield and Maricopa. The first three are towns of about 4,000 inhabitants. The others are "wide places in the road." To some extent Papagos go there, or to country stores at Friendly Corners, El Centro, etc., most of the time, looking forward to a trip to one of the towns every couple of weeks or once a month. The Indians go to one of the business centers Saturday afternoon, usually for 3 hours or more.[3]

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[1] 5 individuals giving information averaged 85.8 days between shopping days in Tucson.
[2] 18 Papagos giving information went to town every 7.4 days on the average.

19: Dobyns K-6 (1950) 1951 NU28 Papago NU28

But those few hours are enough for the Papagos to spend about half their wages. During the war it was estimated $40 of every $100 they received from labor, cattle, and produce went immediately to business men operating outside the reserves.[1] With the boom in cotton, and the boom for Papago pickers, probably even more is spent off the reserves today.

Most farmers who send a truck in to town with a load of Indians seem to have learned they have fewer problems with drunkenness if the trucks return to the labor camps before dinner. The time the Desert People spend in town now is considerably less than it was a few years ago, when the streets were filled with Papagos long after dark. Then on Monday morning farmers went to city halls in numbers to find some of their laborers and pay their "$10 or 10 day" fines so they could go back to work.

Drinking is still the main sin Anglo employers hold against Papago farm workers, as well as the number one social problem among the Desert People. As a farmer near Stanfield observed, "There's nothing more useless than a drunk Indian." It is the exceptional cotton farmer who can say of his Papagos they "drink less and are less trouble--the whites drink more." Most farmers would agree with a foreman who said that the Papagos in his camp "all drink, but very few get wild." Some growers control this problem by firing those of the Desert People unable to restrict their tippling to week ends in town. Cotton farmers often bail out good workers rather than lose their services for 10 days to the city. All over the irrigated valleys where Papagos work, bootlegging to Indians is an acute problem.

So widespread is drinking among the Desert People in labor camps that it appears to be one big attraction to Papagos to leave their reserves to work. Liquor is much more easily obtained in labor camps and trading towns than on isolated reserves. Friendly or profiteering Anglos, Negros and Mexican-Americans willing to sell a bottle to a thirsty Indian are relatively abundant around camps and towns. And enforcement of laws prohibiting liquor to Indians is especially difficult outside reserves. One isolated rural store, at

[1] Program, Papago Reservation, 1944, p. 43.

000 prove. In 5 to 10 years, skilled farm laborers will be living in very comfortable quarters indeed.

369 484 Inevitably, in any rural farm area, certain problems remain even when farm housing is adequate or above standard. Farms are relatively isolated from towns with their opportunities for organized recreation, and their churches and doctors and hospitals. This isolation is little problem for the comparatively well to do cotton grower with his pickups and Buicks. But for the automobile-less majority of the Desert People working on farms all the time, such isolation is serious. They are cut off from other Papagos, from efficient shopping, medical care, recreation, and religious rites. Probably car ownership will increase among this group of Papagos, but their wage scale will not be high enough to enable them to solve their difficulties quickly.

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000 Dr. Laura Thompson, who quarterbacked the Indian Personality Studies of the early 1940's (which studied the Papago among other tribes), has called for administrative action designed to meet needs both of stay-at-home Desert People and farm labor migrants.

> "It is recommended, therefore, that if improvement of the welfare of the Papago be the aim, the focus of administrative and tribal planning may well be to foster the new, constructive dual life pattern with its reservation base in cooperative family life with traditionally agricultural roots and herding economy counterbalancing the recently developed migratory labor cycle. This would involve a two-sided program pointed toward improving and developing the reservation base and conditions on one hand, and toward meeting the specific problems of Papago migratory workers on the other."[1]

364 951 944 000 One of the very specific problems of migratory workers among the Desert People--as well as the non-migrants--is health. There is no doubt that Papagos are exposed to deplorable health menaces in labor camps. But at the same time there is no doubt that they do not know how to protect themselves adequately. This lack of

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[1] Thompson, 1951, p. 78.